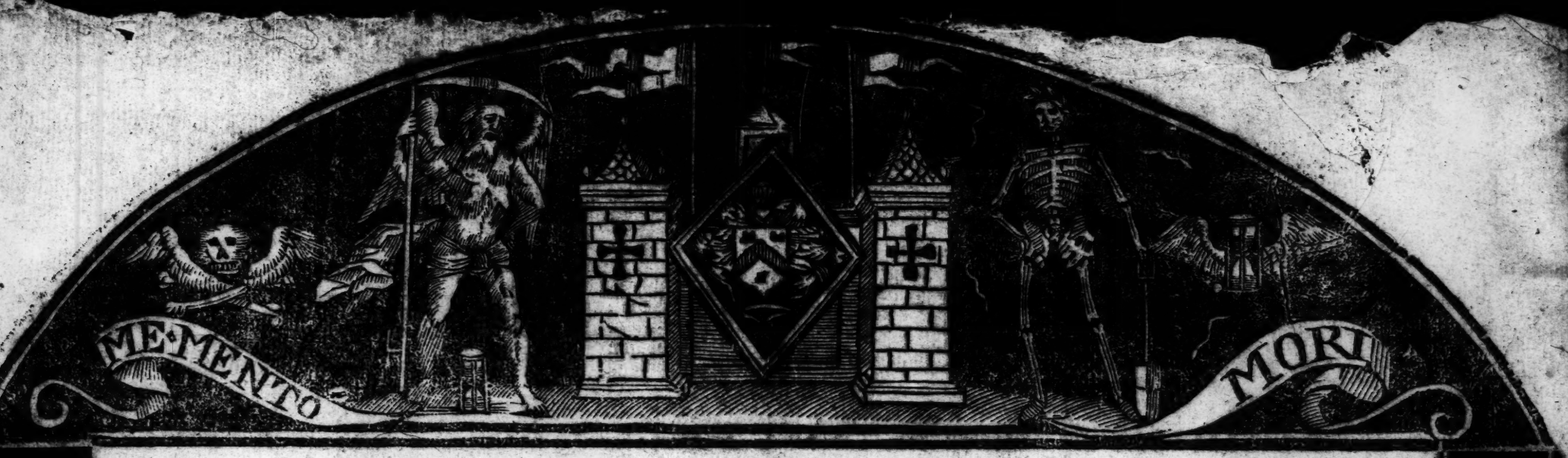


AN

# ELEGY

Upon the DEATH of the

## Reverend, Pious and Learned

# Dr. SANDCROFT,

## Late Ld. Arch-Bishop of Canterbury,

And Metropolitan of all ENGLAND.

HERE Reverend *Sandcroft's* sleeping Reliques (lye,
Of that Great Man, All he had left to Die!
Alas, the *Prelate* long, long Dead before;
The *Metropolitan* was seen no more.
In Dust the *Crosier*, and the *Mitre*, lay;
An *Autumn Blast* had swept those Leaves away,
And only the poor *Naked Trunk* left stand
For the keen *Winter's* last Destroying Hand.
Death took him in a Melancholy Hour;
Oh Zeal, how unaccountable's thy Pow'r!
What tho': when *James* our *Judah's* Scepter bow'd,
'Twas all a *Moses* Snaky Rod before;
He saw it, in the Gracious *William's* Hand,
Converted to an *Aaron's* Blooming Wand:
Yet with a Truth too firm, though ill deserv'd,
Too faithfully the unkind *Master* serv'd;
Too fast to his last broken Fortunes hung;
Still the Kiss'd *Scorpion* he his Darling sung.

(Tow'rs!
What, though retir'd from *Lambeth's* Princely
An humble Cell held his Recluser Hours:
Though of the *Pageantry* of Pomp bereft,
He had still those fair unravish'd Glories left:
His sweet *Contentment* was it self alone
A Coronet, and *Solitude* a Throne.

Mount then, Blest Saint, to thy *Immortal Seat*;
And claim thy fairer *Starry Coronet*:
For if *Humility*, so highly priz'd,
*Neglected Worlds*, and Popular State Despis'd;
If *Patience*, and a Soul above the Loss
Of the Stript Plumes of Fortune's shining Dross,
Are Scaling Steps to the Eternal Throne,
The *Jacob's Ladder*, sure, was all thy own.

---

## The EPITAPH.

*RETir'd, from Powers unweildy Toil,*
*Beneath this Alabaster Pile,*
*This Pile of Alablaster; nay,*
*Beneath this homely Turf, thou'lt say,*
*Lyes Mighty* Sandcroft's *humble Clay.*
*Here th'* Abdicating *Prelate Sleeps,*
*And his small Six-foot Court he keeps.*
*But, wondring Reader, would'st thou know,*
*How that great Head should lie so Low:*
*Instead of Stately Marble Chests,*
*In this Course Vulgar Vault it rests:*
*He saw Great* William's *Rising Morn,*
*And all the Beams his Brows Adorn:*
*And gazing at the Imperial Pride,*
*His too weak Opticks, narrow ty'd,*
*Made him the Dazling Glory shun;*
*And to this poor, poor Covert run,*
*Not Eagle-Ey'd enough to face so Bright a*
(*Sun.*

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